★ INSIDE: NEWS, GOSSIP, LISTINGS, MAP, FOOD GUIDE ★

SELECT

THE GLASTONBURY DAILY

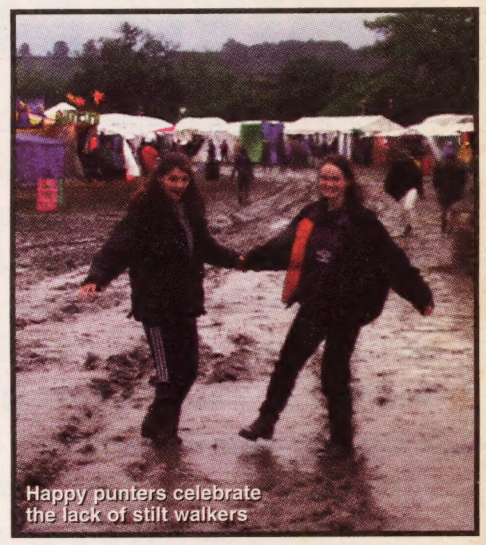
HOORAY! NO STILT WALKERS!

The inclement weather has had at least one welcome side-effect: ruling out any appearance by the usual tribes of Glastonbury stilt-walkers.

Dozens have been forced to leave their costumes and equipment at home, and wave a final goodbye to the prospect of walking around for three days and annoying everybody rotten.

"I'm actually gutted," said stilt specialist and part-time clown Dave Greenfell. "I was really looking forward to walking around looking down on everybody, but I've given my ticket to a friend, and I'm going to have to console myself with a quick Sunday stroll around Camden Market. It just won't be the same. It's so unfair!"

On-site vendors of champagne reported a slight upsurge in sales after the news spread.



Happy punters celebrate the lack of stilt walkers

MUD FOR IT!

Mire straits! Trad rock fans struggle with the conditions

The hostile weather that has hit Glastonbury '97 looks set to prevail over the weekend – which means more rain, more flooding and one of the muddiest festivals on record.

Early arrivals yesterday were faced with the kind of hostile conditions that Glastonbury has avoided for nearly a decade – leaving organisers to think on their feet and introduce a series of hastily-devised welfare measures. They include:

- The provision of two 'crash tents' for those with nowhere to sleep. One is the church tent; the other is the Hare Krishna tent. And no, you won't get indoctrinated.
- Free industrial-strength binbags for water cover, available on request from all meeting and information points.
- A free, continuous coach service from the festival site to Castle Cary station for those wishing to make an early departure. Leave from Gate 2 and either follow the signs or ask for directions, leaving an hour for the journey.

The Glastonbury Welfare service is located near Worthy Farm itself, and is on standby to offer help and advice to those who have been particularly inconvenienced. Unfortunately, they're stressing that they cannot offer anybody a tent – and that no-one on the site is offering them to buy.

One last piece of advice was offered to Select by Welfare Chief Steven Abrahol. "It'll probably end up being a bit like using baths during a drought. If you find somebody who hasn't got a tent, let them share yours!"

- *Weather forecast, page three; the mud revival in pictures, pages nine and 11*

MORNING CAMPERS

Let's face it: all that Glastonbury's ever lacked are two things. One is reliable tropical weather conditions, the other is its own *New York Times* or *Evening Standard*, a daily 'organ' that'd bring news, reviews, weather, listings and 564 other things to the droves of people who make up its temporary population. This year, however, marks the birth of the *Select Glastonbury Daily*: precisely the kind of publication you'll want to read once you've woken up in the morning (or kind of come to a standstill, if you know what I mean).

Here, for the next three mornings, will be all the festival hoo-hah worth knowing, along with a number of spine-tingling services. For example, if you want to leave someone a message (you haven't met up with them yet, you clapped eyes on them yesterday and want to see them again, etc), you can visit the on-site *Select* Tent, leave a personal ad and find it published in the next day's paper. Plus! If you're lucky enough to be pictured as that day's 'Face In The Crowd', you can claim a valuable prize.

All that plus a rip-snorting cartoon strip featuring a member of the Wu-Tang Clan. Any complaints?

Love And Peace
John Harris, Editor

Glastonbury guru Michael Eavis puts on a brave face as he tours the festival site yesterday

IT MUST BE A SIGN

Ever coveted an exclusive autograph from Mathew out of Dodgy or a unique hand-wrought hieroglyphic from beauteous Louise from Lamb? If so, get yourself over to The Official *Select* Signing Tent. Offering one-on-one script-mongering from a whole firmament of pop performers, a patient spot of queueing will give you a souvenir to tantalise future generations and give merriment to all kith and kin. The full, frank signing line-up is as follows.

Friday
3pm: Lamb
3.30pm: Audioweb
4.00pm: Dreadzone
5.00pm: Spearhead

Saturday
1pm: Dubstar
3pm: Dodgy
3.30pm: Longpigs
4.00pm: Alabama 3
5.00pm: Reprazent (with Roni Size)
6.00pm Ocean Colour Scene

Sunday
12.30pm: Supernaturals
1.00pm: 3 Colours Red
2.00pm: Symposium

The *Select* Signing Tent is located adjacent to the bridge on the main drag between The Pyramid Stage and The Other Stage. Get their early and make Pete V from 3 Colours Red sign the following amusing epithet: "I, Peter Vukovic, game pub rocker, recognise my serf-like status in relation to the exalted (insert name here.)"

Ian Harrison's Daily Specials

"Man cannot live by bread alone," said Almighty God once. But down on mainstreet, only the most zealous of self-denying rubes is going to entertain the idea seriously. Because this year's Glasto cuisine is as globally heterogenous as ever, with honest battered fish stands bustling cheek to jowl with intriguing overseas delicacies.

Solid yet lipsmacking, **Lek's Thai Food And Drink** (by The Main Stage) merges the two. The robust £4 chicken curry and rice, with chicken of extraordinary tenderness and a piquant sauce, won out on fuel-count and taste alike. Cooked by able Thai staff, their unpretentious yet wholesome approach included a young member of the clan drawing on a board in fluorescent pen. Top entertainment.

Similarly, business was brisk at the **Now And Zen Japanese Noodle Bar** at The Jazz Field. Queuing up with Special Brew dad and in-your-face rave amazon, the star attraction was the BBQ noodles with stir-fry veg, adorned with sweet fried tempura and the most juicy teriyaki mushrooms cooked in rice wine and soy sauce.

Run by Mr and Mrs Zahl, a Japanese cook who swears by her cooking, there is a free chopsticks starter kit to complement the vegetarian organic sauces. Yours for £4.50 (and sadly eaten to a soundtrack of kd lang) it may sound steep, but it's far above what you'd get at the kebab van staffed by teddy boys.

In a remarkable global leap, next door in Now And Zen's twin outlet **Taverna Vegetariana** there were palatable Greek falafel and attendant salads for £3. It didn't fill you up, but round here it doesn't pay to get sated too quick.

Less exotic fare is **The Yorkshire Pie & Pea Emporium**. But we sure hell ain't raisin' qualms. With pies coming in meat and potato or vegetable variety, this is gloriously simple food that can be eaten by both high-blooded patriot or Estonian parvenu.

Situated with exciting proximity to The Pyramid Stage, foodstuffs will set you back £2 for pie and peas, or £2.50 for the full array of pie, peas and chips.

There's mint sauce for the fussy eater, plus a *Tellytubbies*-esque slogan to cheer one and all: "Hot and yummy, our pies are ready for you tummy." Get on, get out there, get eating. You'll die if you don't.

No wallet, no comment: a sensible departs the lock up

BEAT THE BANDITS

The festival has been hit by one of its usual problems: petty theft. But Glastonbury's organisers have issued a series of suggestions that should make the thieves' lives more difficult.

Valuables have been taken from a large number of tents. Apparently, the usual method is to take items of clothing – pairs of jeans are a favourite – and root through them for a wallet or purse, throwing it away when the 'goods' have been removed.

In light of the muddy conditions, it's meant a double blow for the unfortunate victims: no money, and no clothes. Worse, the crooks are sufficiently stealthy to have removed possessions from under pillows – while people sleep.

Organisers and police have stressed that possessions should be kept close at hand and well away from where criminal hands could reach them: the bottom of sleeping bags is a good example. In addition, they're keen to remind people about Radio One's 'Get Off My Tent' campaign.

'Get Off My Tent' kits, including impossible-to-remove stickers, are available from all information points. In addition, there are a number of lock-up facilities around the site, shown on all official festival maps.

"If everyone puts their mind to it," says a festival security operative, "we can all succeed in giving the robbers zero pickings. You know it!"

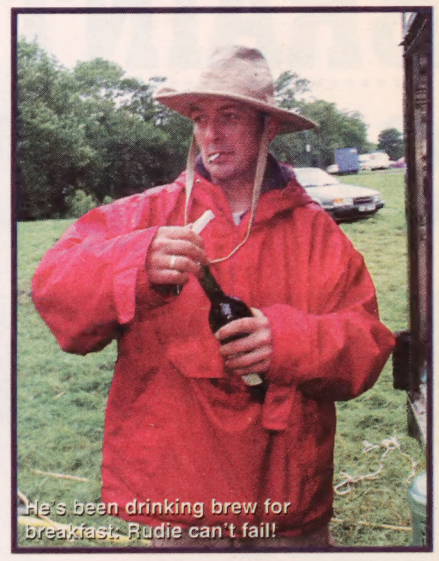
GLASTO FACTO

Legend has it that the sacred site of Glastonbury Tor, roughly five miles from the festival, is the mythical home of Gwyn ap Nudd, the Lord of the Underworld, and guarded the entrance to Annwn (the Underworld itself). It's also supposedly the place 'where the fairy folk live'.

SHOULD HE STAY OR SHOULD HE GO?

THE CLASH'S JOE STRUMMER SAYS IT LOUD: "STAY!"

Limbering up for a charity football tournament, former Clash vocalist Joe Strummer was on hand yesterday to give some solid advice on this year's rainy conditions. Pitched up in the back of a van in a mini tent village with Bez of the Happy Mondays and Cressa, dancer with the Stone Roses, he's got a truly Irie Ethiopian flag on the Strummer van to let his posse know where he's at. Is this the worst weather you've ever endured, Joe?


He's been drinking brew for breakfast. Rudie can't fail!

"Yeah, I think it is," he says. "We've got this huge tree next to us, about an hour ago a huge branch sheared off and nearly fell on our tent. Four of us couldn't move it."

"But the I saw this guy last night with a fantastic tent that just came out of a huge cymbal case," chortles Joe, "but later on the wind threw it in his face, so he held it down with one hand and read the manual with the other to get it back up. We ain't beaten, man - you gotta have the Dunkirk spirit."

BILL STICKERS

Glastonbury organisers moved quickly yesterday to nix a number of rumours concerning weather-related pull-outs. By mid-afternoon, stories were in on-site circulation about no-shows by Primal Scream, The Prodigy and Radiohead. All were false. "The music has been unaffected by the weather," said a Glastonbury source. "This year will rock."

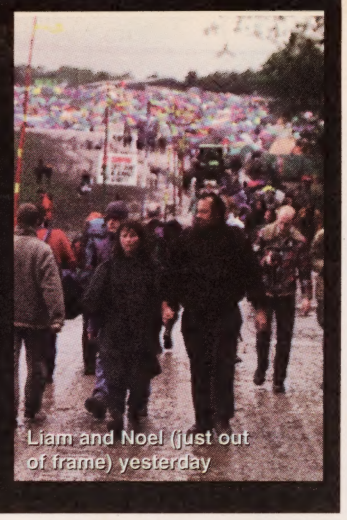
Still awaiting that Primal Scream moment

'NO WAY OASIS'

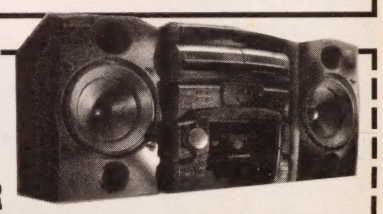
Michael Eavis took the time to appear on national television yesterday with one simple message: Oasis are *not* going to play Glastonbury.

The announcement came after a rumour was started by Channel 4's *Big Breakfast* that the band would make an appearance on The Pyramid Stage on Sunday. This spread to radio stations and newspapers – before Oasis' management and Eavis agreed that an official statement was needed.

The Gallagher brothers are expected to arrive at Glastonbury over the weekend – but merely as spectators.


Liam and Noel (just out of frame) yesterday

WIN!



A SET OF PIONEER SPEAKERS AND A 25 CD MEGACHANGER

Simply fill in this form and hand it into the *Select* stand and, as soon as we've recovered, one fantastically fortunate winner will be picked out of the felt jester's hat. If you can't locate the stand then send the form to Karen Monachan, Emap Metro, Mappin House, 4 Winsley Street, London, W1N 7AR.

Name .....

Age 15-24 ☐ 25-34 ☐ 35-44 ☐ 45-54 ☐ 55+☐

Address .....

..... Postcode .....

Telephone .....

Which mags do you read? *Select* ☐ *Q* ☐ *Mojo* ☐ *Kerrang!* ☐

Emap Metro may permit other reputable companies to make offers of products or services which we believe may be of interest to our customers. If you do not wish to have the details passed on, please tick this box ☐

The Elements

Weather, weather, all together – what's it gonna do

FRIDAY 27 June 1997: the temperature will rise to 16°C, warmer than last night but still rainy. It will be windy! But don't despair, it's gale force in the east of England. *News At Ten* suggests trying the "hot local cider".

NEWS FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD

● British astronaut Michael Foale had a close escape from an out-of-control supply ship while orbiting the Earth while serving on the Russian MIR spacestation. Foale and two other cosmonauts spent several minutes closing the airlock of the SPEKTR module. There is now a hole in the hull of MIR, but officials of the Russian space agency said the cosmonauts will survive and should be able to return to planet Earth within the year. The Ruskies are reckoned to be "hopping mad".

● French master mariner Jacques Cousteau has died in Paris aged 87. The great oceanographer, a former naval commander and the 'Most Admired Public Figure In France', divided academia and the lumpen proletariat. The former considered him a populist arriviste, while the people thrilled to his books and films of submarine derring-do. His 1956 film *Le Monde Du Silence* won the Palme D'Or.

● The woman formerly known as HRH Diana, Princess Of Wales has sold off her used wardrobe to an auction-room full of rich people who know how to spend their money wisely. The star sale was the record £134,000 paid for Diana's notorious 'Travolta' low-cut number – which she sported dancing with John Travolta at a Whitehouse fund-raiser for Mickey Rooney. The mystery buyer is rumoured to be high-street porn tsar David Sullivan.

● PM Tony Blair has announced that the government will proceed with its new timetable in the Northern Ireland peace process by next May. If the Provisional IRA refuse to enforce a cease fire, Sinn Fein will be excluded from talks.

● OFWAT, the water-industry watchdog say it will bring rogue water companies to heel. The privatised greedheads have claimed they cannot afford to carry out work on the water infrastructure, while still making biggo profits for shareholders. The most legendary offender, Thames Water, made £384 million while boasting a real bad record.

● Scientists have hailed the discovery of a gigantic autonomous ecosphere in a cave in Papua New Guinea as "a 'Jurassic Park' for biologists". The cave, which relies on lichen and mineral deposits rather than the sun, contains giant death watch beetles, double-tailed scorpions and invertebrate seacows. All the creatures are albino and blind. There are examples of them in fossil form, but all were thought to have become extinct millions of years ago.

PICK OF THE DAY

BRAINTREE SURGEONS

Keith Prodigy: looking a little pierced off

The Prodigy's last Glastonbury appearance, headlining the second stage in 1995, was jaw-dropping. As the Braintree quartet made their entrance, Keith Flint rolled off the stage in a giant transparent hamster ball, bouncing over the crowds with his tongue by his knees. Liam Howlett, meanwhile, masterminded an awesome set from his cyber-cockpit centre stage. *Select* awarded them 11 out of 10 and named them "the band of Glastonbury – no contest".

Since then, the Prodigy's live presence has only been intensified by their non-stop stage exertions, as they've taken 'Music For The Jilted Generation' to the masses and road-tested new material from the slavishly-awaited 'Fat Of The Land' album.

Of course, much has happened for the Prodigy since the last Glastonbury. 'Firestarter', for one, which was instrumental in the fact that the band are this year headlining the Pyramid stage and are expected to draw the largest and most wildly enthusiastic crowd of the whole weekend.

You should expect the most thrilling, energy-pumped performance imaginable. "We nearly killed people last Glastonbury," says Liam "This year, we'll finish 'em off." Figuratively speaking, of course.

● *The Prodigy play The Pyramid Stage today at 10.45pm.*

AWLRIGHT TONITE

The fact that Reef's Gary Stringer and Jack Bessant grew up a ley line's width away from the site makes their appearance tonight a triumphant homecoming. Two years ago they played in mid afternoon in blazing sunshine, but with the subsequent ridiculous roar of 'Place Your Hands' ("*Awwlreet now!*") and the Number One album 'Glow', they now find themselves going up against the Prodigy in an all-in headline face-off.

When it comes down to primal rock grunting, however, Reef have the edge, and will throw out such inducements to gut-twisting as 'I Would Have Left You', plus the confoundingly sensitive 'Consideration'. As testament to their life-loving ethos, they're more excited than you are about the gig.

"Headlining at Glastonbury?" enthuses the perma-grinning Gary. "We're stoked! I used to hear the festival at home when I was a kid and fantasise about playing. And now I am, it's amazing." Such innocent joy is hard to ignore and tonight Reef are sure to overcome even cynical ears and provide one of this year's top Glastonbury moments.

● *Reef play The Other Stage tonight at 11.15pm.*

Gary Reef: one stoked-up baboon

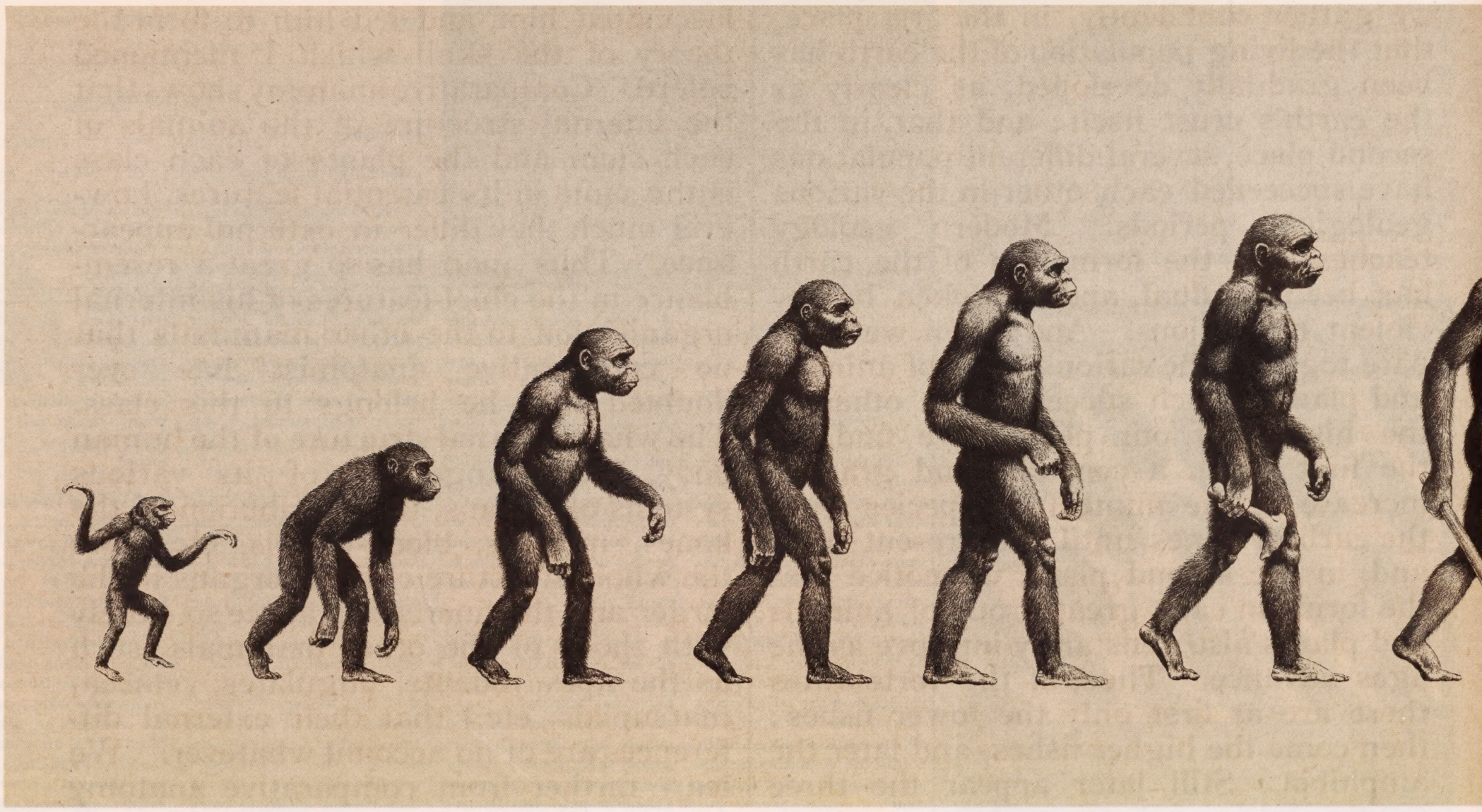
Beck: breakdancing and "cool shit"

ALL HANDS ON BECK!

Perfect for the late-afternoon slot, Beck's slew of hip hop beats, off-kilter blues and seemingly random samples shouldn't be anything short of festival-defining. His extra-double laid-back LA demeanour will make even the most comatose hippy look like a twitching EST patient. But Beck's real stage prowess comes with his defiantly old-school breakdancing. Expect the simplistic riffing of 'Devils Haircut', the strutting street-suss of 'Where It's At' and 'The New Pollution', along with endearingly out-there stage rhetoric.

Describing Glastonbury as "the cool shit", he's just finished huge tours of America and Europe and will be straight off to Japan, minutes after the show. So if you see him wandering around, give him a swig on your Ginseng Gripper energy drink – the man's going to need it.

● *Beck is on the Pyramid Stage today at 5pm.*



TODAY I WILL MOSTLY BE DOING...

RICK McMURRAY (ASH)

"We'll probably get to the site sometime in the morning on the tour bus totally asleep after our five-date warm-up tour. I'll be getting up early to have a shit – that's usually my main priority before attempting to find some edible food. I'm guessing that today I'll be pretty much drunk and wandering aimlessly, grabbing a band here and a band there. You can keep your Embraces, I'll be out to see Catatonia. I've heard various stories about Cerys from Carl from The 60ft Dolls – he reckons she's more of an animal than he is. This must be sorted out.

"After that there'll be a load of interviews to be done, then we'll all be going over to see Beck We played a festival with him in France last year and Tim bumped into him in the toilets where some guy had to help him clean his teeth. He didn't seem to be in a fit state to do anything. Cool guy, though. Cool for Glastonbury. Supergrass will be next for us, I really love the new album. We always bump into Gaz at festivals, but the conversation's never got above 'Alright, man?'

"Then it'll be back to the second stage for The Divine Comedy. Neil Hannon did a cover of 'Oh Yeah' on his tour last year and said it was one of his favourite songs of the year so he's alright by us. Yeah, we'll definitely be there. We're pretty close with Placebo as well – the drummer grabbed me by the balls while I was standing at some bar earlier this year, so we're the best of mates now.

"Before the gig you don't really have much time to psyche yourself up. We'll stand at the side of the stage and have a peek out, then jump on stage. The sight is going to be mindblowing, the huge mass of people just leaves you speechless... and terrified. We'll be having at least one new song in the set and possibly a few surprises, but after the gig I think I'll be heading over to the main stage for the Prodigy. And then straight to bed... Yeah, honest. Rock on, my friends!"

● *Ash play The Other Stage at 9.45pm tonight.*

"HONEST!"

Glastonbury guest-area gossip gagging gor a gottlle o' geer

With weather and ground conditions so atrocious that Swampy – one of the backstage area's bigger stars – was busy on Thursday night tunnelling out of the festival in order to save the lives of drowned campers, the gossip has taken an aggressive, watery hue. Take, for instance, Sting. The blond, Tantric one is reputedly displeased with erstwhile mucker Dave Stewart, and for typically pop-starrish reasons. Stewart was advised by Sting that the vibes in the Amazon were mighty fine this time of year, so Stewart, a notorious worrier, bought an old Mississippi paddle-steamer, and is, even as we speak, sashaying up and down the Amazon recording his new album in this 19th century bath-toy. His only companion? His private doctor. Sting is apparently miffed, because he'd planned to sail around the backstage area in something similar.

The Embrace brothers' mum has taken to selling home-made jam at their gigs

Kenickie recently moved from Sunderland to Camden, and were 'delighted' to find out that their neighbour is no other than the King Of The Wild Frontier, Adam Ant. The 'Nicksters are eagerly awaiting Ant's first party, as it will allow them to hammer on his door yelling, "Turn down the jukebox; and do us all a favour!"

Fellow teenagers Ash have been in a spot of bother recently. Charmed by their new best friends China Drum's 'buzz boards' – they're motorised skateboards for the hip-but-lazy – Tim Wheeler decided to 'borrow' one and drive all around Camden, drunk. The rozzers, alerted to an unstable man on a space-age buggy, trailed him all the way to The Monarch, where Tim celebrated his non-arrest by skating down the back stairs and removing half the skin from Ant out of Ant And Dec's shin. The sooner Tony Blair introduces those teenager curfews, the better.

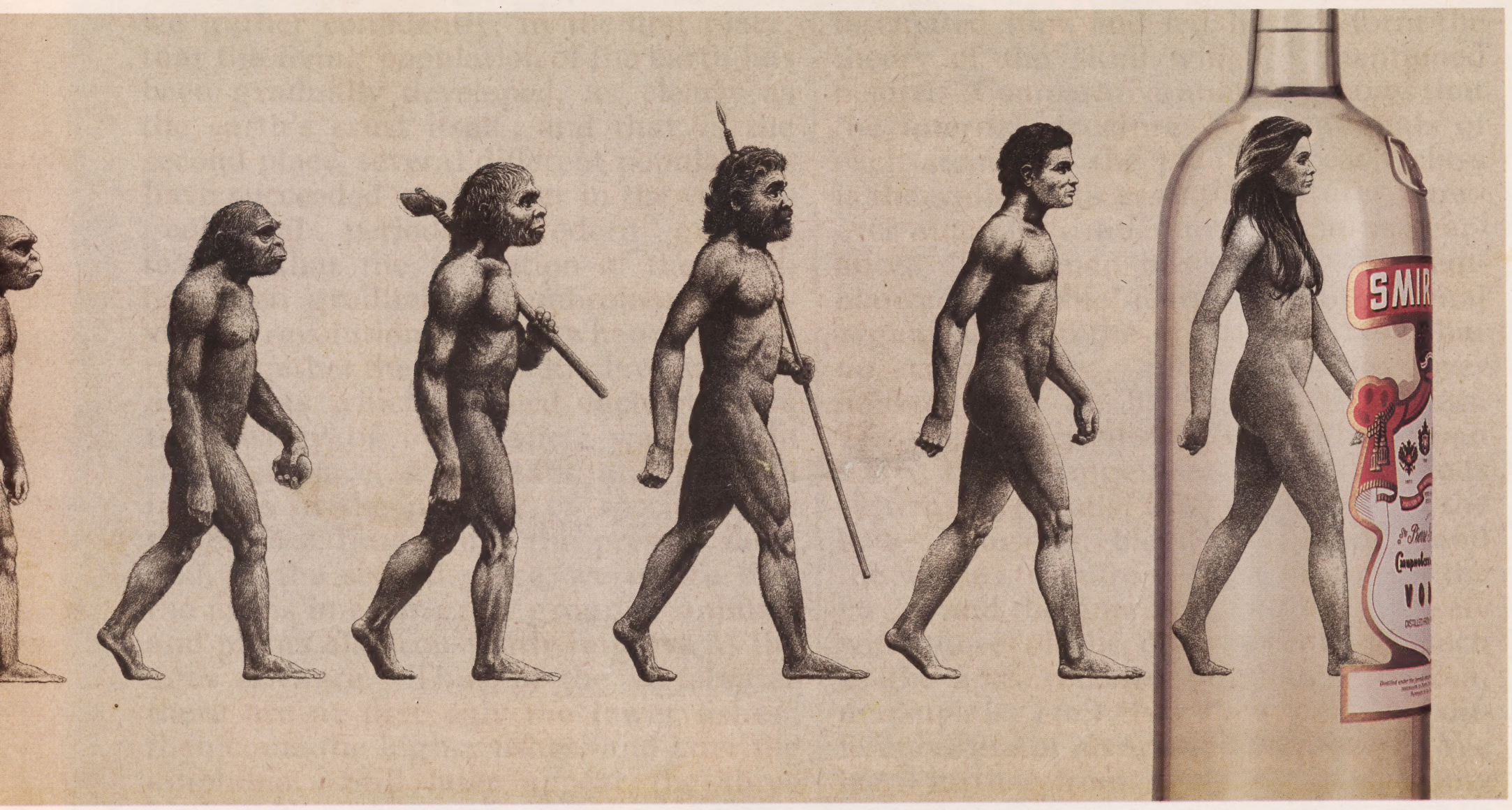
Embrace have had a rum couple of weeks. Embarking on a tour of Europe a couple of weeks ago, Danny and Richard's mum decided she wanted to see what going on tour was like, and insisted on coming with them. Unable to fund her rider of Advocaat and gauge-ten knitting needles, the McNamara brothers suggested she find some way of chipping in – and so bemused Spanish Embrace fans were treated to the sight of McNamara's mum selling home-made jam on the T-shirt stall. Apparently, the numbered pots with a blank, white label are now going for £30 a piece in pop memorabilia shops in Soho.

On Thursday, Swampy was tunnelling *out* of the festival

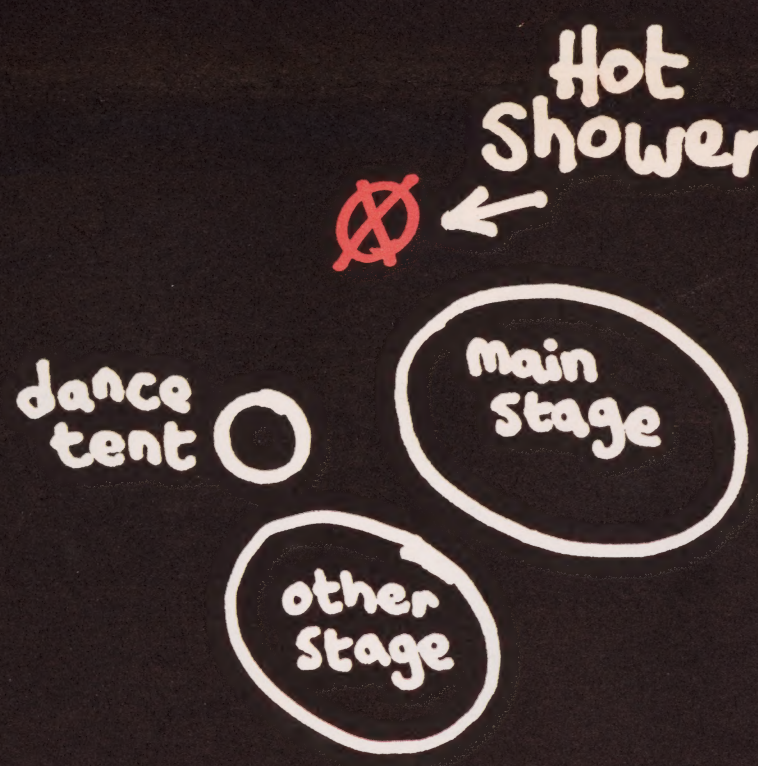
And so – pausing only to remind everyone that Reef have become so annoyed with audiences singing 'It's Your Letters' to 'Put Your Hands Up' that their manager wrote to Chris Evans, begging him to stop using said jingle – the latest news from The Home Of Neil Hannon. At a recent French photo-shoot, Hannon was, for arty reasons, asked to hand-cuff himself to a teddy bear – wherein it became apparent that the key had been lost. Hannon wandered around Montpelier for three hours, cuffed to a large Paddington, before he realised that the cuffs were toy-shop ones, and easily breakable. Until then, he had to grin and bear it. On that note, we say farewell till tomorrow.

GLASTO FACTO

The terracing on the slopes leading up to Glastonbury Tor are said to be the remains of a great three-dimensional neolithic labyrinth, a ceremonial way dedicated to an ancient British goddess.



To the girls I met at Tribal –
looking forward to seeing you in the showers...



Free hot showers supplied by Radio One at Glastonbury. Bring your own soap.

BBC RADIO 1 ONE 97-99 FM

SELECT MAGAZINE Messages

Find lost souls, seek a life partner or simply express your confused state. All is possible in the daily message centre...

HAPPY BIRTHDAY SOPHIE, 21 and still a 'virgin'. Love Tim, Claire, Helena, Scabby and Ash.

SPIKEY HQ HAS MOVED to Glastonbury for the summer. Come and join Spacey, Sparkle and Baby Rachel who will be spreading the sound of Spikey over the Vale of Avalon. Be part of a Spikey thing!

CHLOE, SARAH AND BRIAN. See you Monday morning, in the tent in our pyjamas, three minutes before the coach leaves! D'oh! Love Fiona.

KEV KILLER BLADES. Having a 'good life'? (Fantasee never hurt nobody). Love from the A-team, Southport.

POLLY AND KATHERINE, Placebo gig Bristol 18/2. Jus and Holly would love to see you again. Greenpeace Tent 10.30am on Saturday.

ECKISNECKI!! Naomi, Kath, Louise and the rest of you crazee Forest Of Dean kids, have an excellent time. Avoid the floating brown stuff though and look out for the aliens. Love Helen The Lady.

HELLO BOYS, I want to meet all you love thangs and be introduced to the Glasto vibe. Vodka and fulfilment in abundance. I'll be the one embarrasing my son! Deano's mum.

BEARD, ABERGAVENNY, GRASSY APE ETC. Hello my good friends! You're all a bunch of fucking idiots! Keep wearing your Countdown T-shirts and we'll be headlining Glastonbury soon! From drummer defender George!

IAN, MY FESTIVAL-GOING sidekick. Well, this is the biggy. I trust you have brought the chocolate? Love Chloe.

CANDY from Longwittenham, Abingingdon. Miss you loads. Meet me at the meeting point between 10am and 12 noon. If not, call me (01865) 515212 and we'll drink loads and be merry. Lots of love, Scott from Plymouth.

BURY ST ED'S CRUSTIES. Steve – lalala/ Jim – Yumky/ Cheryl-Psthpsthh/ 2 Cosbies – Arrghh and the rest. Meet in tent with teddy bear totempole. Love one dog and several partidges.

MARTIN + JOE, Alison + Graham, Paul + CAT. Gang – you made it! Any sign of Daevid? Beautiful love from Sarah + Maria in Bournemouth.

HEY CHARLIE, ABI + ENTOURAGE! Ha ha ha. Cat here, goin' crazy in her house of lurve! Don't get pissed, it can kill!! (As if). I'd like some rockstars please- Placebo, Mansun etc. My Life Story? Er, no!! Where's that tent gone...

FATTY, YOUNG ONE AND GORGEOUS GEM. I can't find our fucking tent so hurry up and find me coz my xenophobia's kicking in! Too many people everywhere, hurry the fuck up. Nafey Boy.

MY GINGERY, PINKY, DINKY NIPS! Lets rock the magic bus again. Happy Glasto '97. Love you always! From 'Er indoors.

FRESHBROOK GIRLIES – Kim, Graham and Hayley Meredith – have a wonderful time at your first Glastonbury. No, you can't have a Pot Noodle! Love Fode and Jim.

MELO, REMEMBER ME? I think we were at school together – I was tall, you were multicoloured. We were usually late. We've made it! Chloe.

ROB (BWO) WATTS. You're here at last, there's baked beans and cheese waiting in my tent (er, I think). From Sam "Victoria" Parry.

TO SARAH BABES, MAGS, AIDEEN, Caroline, Claire, Hula-Hoop, JJ, Gill, Chris, Paddy, Bren, Steven & Big-Chief-Purple-Firebug. (Only eat silver pumpkins if it's raining!) Warning – the elephant may explode! Have a trippy time! Je t'aime avec toute mon coeur! **Jobell.**

SIOBHAN. I still love you to pieces and always will (I think). "Wobble da tent". Love Joubin.

HALLO! CORNHOLIO BUMHOLE! The great Squiff and Holmesy hereby swear that this Glasto festival shall be the greatest mosh and bop fest in their short yet productive lives. Forever may we mosh! Squiff and Holmesy.

SHAGGY I LOVE YOU. Lets have mad sex all weekend under canvas and no carrots this time, love Snakey.

YOWDIE, KATE W AND ANNA MONORRIS. Radadadada we're here, hopefully. See you later Spiderwoman and man. From the girl with the wobbly nose, Han. B. Bun (R).

DOMINIC CORCORAN, have a great weekend and don't get too wrecked. See you back in York, love Rachel.

CHARLIE AND KEEF

Message Of The Day

GLASTONBURY. YES. UNISEX. Mmm. Friday, Saturday, Sunday. Any day of the week. Unisex nice... ie bands, fields etc... I'm not Damo Suzuki. No. Unisex. Yes... eg fields, bands etc... Unisex. See Ya. Oh yes.

FROM BURST! I'm still waiting for your demo tape! Hope you're having a mad weekend. Belgian ash crazed.

C BLOXHAM Sunday where the Pharoes meet the sun- 6am. Mr. Bacardi.

JAYNE RALPH. Meet you at Joe's wood tent ASAP. Love you, Tony.

LIS HARDEN Got your letter, see you in the Film Tent 4pm, Friday. Rick.

CAT B, AKA MISS BURGER KONG. Wake up, have you got a beard?! See ya Friday, under the serene Glasto moonlight for the biannual supersonic festival handshakes! Love Rocky the Batch.

MISS INDIA LILY. Guess who? Strange name. So is mine. So join me in a Druids Circle if you get lost or can't find the tent! (Crispian Mills will do otherwise). Saskia Nova Topaz.

JUSS FROM THE SYMPOSIUM GIG, Alleycat April, meet me at Carolines mobile kitchen Thursday or breakfast any other day. Luv Princess Sarah Jane.

FRANCIS W. Hope it's a great festival, man. I survived Bath and I.O.W. somehow. Be careful in the "khazis". Have fun but don't go bananas – Mr B. PS If you don't read this, let me know.

WOT, NO ORBITAL? Lee Ainscough sends happy Hartnoll vibes to Jazz Potato Gilly and Mouse on John. See you in the Stone Circle at 3am on Friday.

LES STRINGER. Are you here? If you are, please leave message to arrange a meeting place/time. Big Richard from the Coast To Coast.

LUKAS & MR T. If I have to share a tent with you two, try to keep it biscuit-free. OK lads? From The Festival "Virgin".

JOSEPHINE, Turning into an arab thinking about you. Enjoy Thom Yorke love Joe.

TO CHRIS STOCKIL. Enjoy yourself but behave yourself, get disgracefully drunk but don't chuck up and if you meet Nicky get me his autograph (or anyone elses) love, Debbie.

ATTENTION! LOWRI MAIR-JONES. Hope you have many inspiring and enriching experiences, whatever they may be! Enjoy yourself and if we do meet up that would be cool! TAKE CARE, keep smiling! Annette x.

PED AND EGG OF TUEBROOK – Pavement duty, extreme left field, CHINSTRAP.

GAV POPE – keep it real. From GOA NOAH.

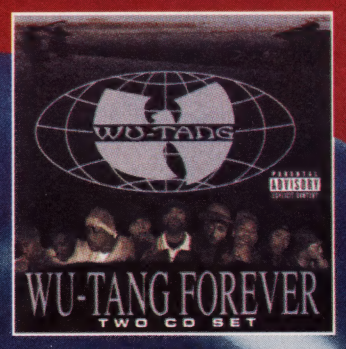
GIMP, FLIP AND THE WIZENED HAG GOB. Come whittle with me up at the Avalon Field when the yardarm hits the bloomer. Health and Kurikan love from Rouser Yobgob.

● **To get a message printed in tomorrows Select Daily, ask at the Select Stall located on the main walkway between the Other Stage and Pyramid Stage.**

STARTS 4th JULY

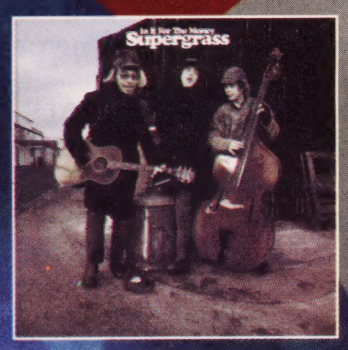
CLEAN UP & SPLASH OUT AT THE SUMMER SALE

odelay
BECK



wu-tang forever
WU-TANG CLAN

dig your own hole
THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS



in it for the money
SUPERGRASS

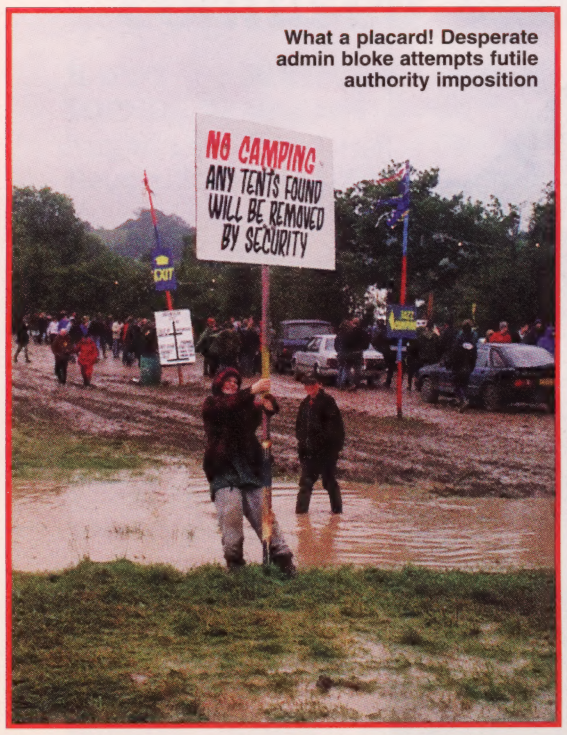
Dive into low, low prices on a massive selection of CDs

HMV

All items subject to availability at participating stores. Offer applies to stickered product only.

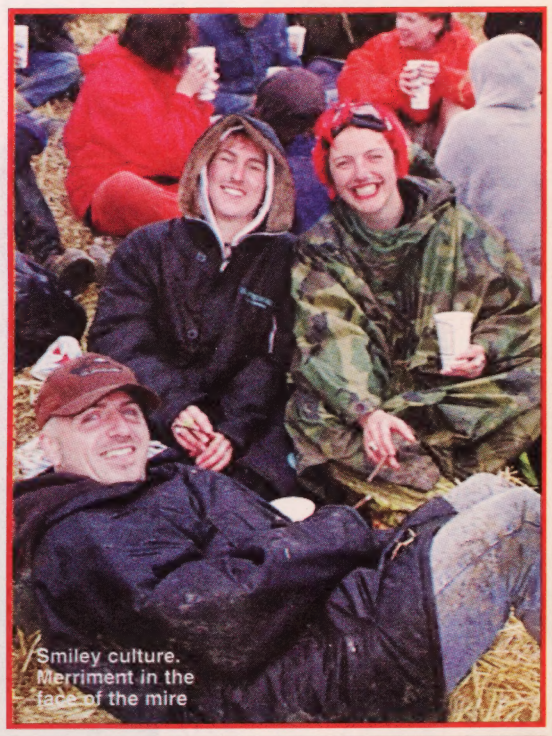
WHERE WERE YOU WHILE YOU WERE GETTING HIGH?

Choice pictures from the festival frontline plus a mouthwatering prize opportunity

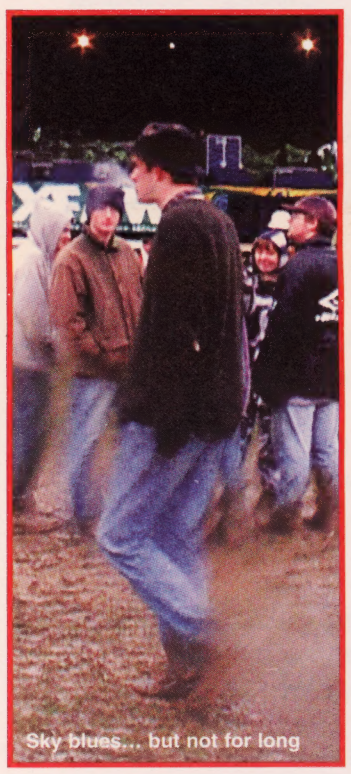


What a placard! Desperate admin bloke attempts futile authority imposition

What road? Aspiring Tour De France wannabes get waylaid



Smiley culture. Merriment in the face of the mire



Sky blues... but not for long

FACE IN THE CROWD

Is this you, caught yesterday by a *Select* camera? If it is, bring a copy of the *Select Daily* to the *Select* stall – on the pathway between the two main stages, in market area 'F'. Unless you're lying, you'll be awarded with a very valuable mystery prize. Honest.

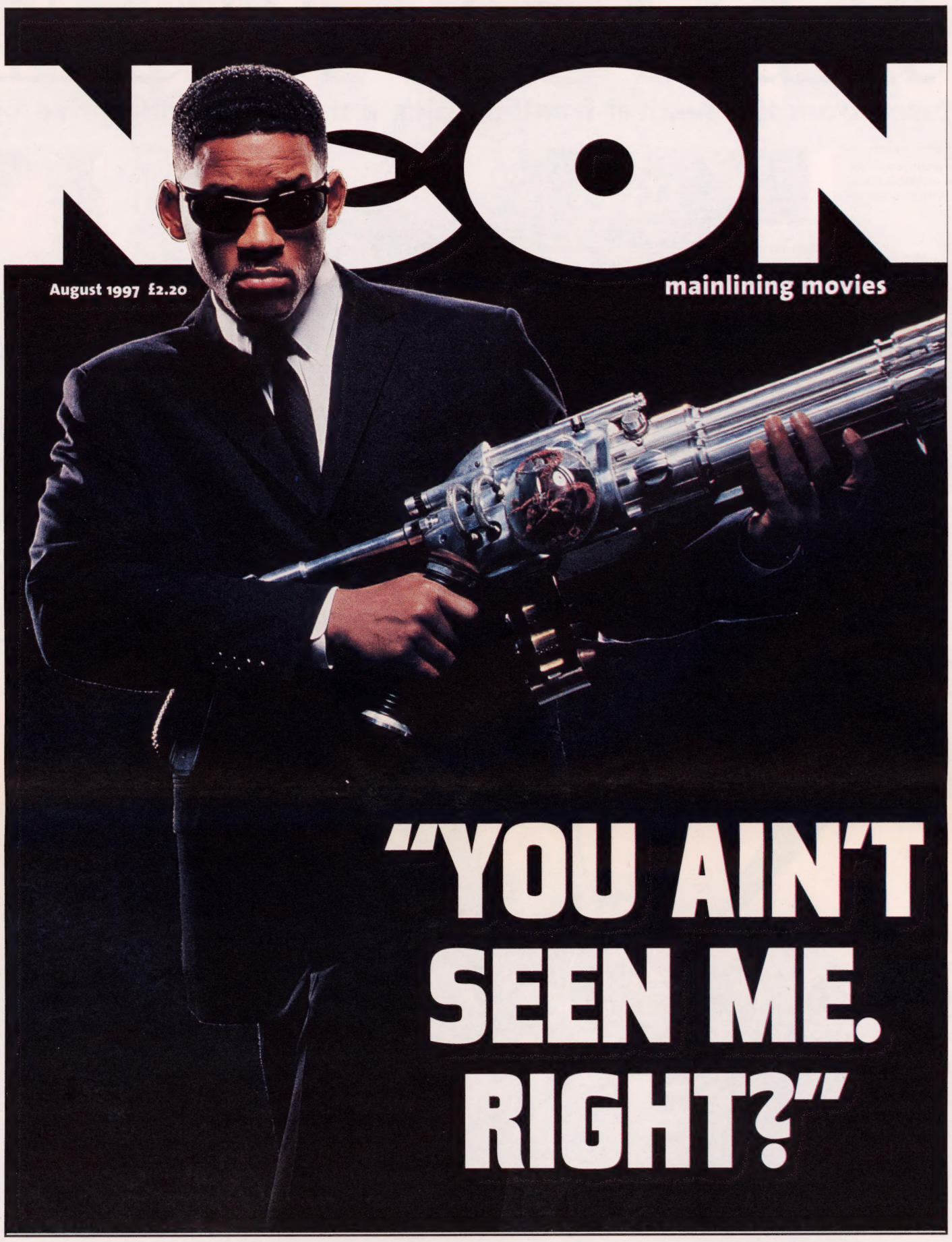
Basket case: get with the programme guy!

Walk on by: maybe you should have...

UP LIFTING
INDIGO: ENERGY REFRESHMENT

ALL PICTURES: CHRIS TAYLOR

On sale July 15



This month in Neon: Will Smith and the full story of Men In Black. Plus Linda Fiorentino, The Lost World and a pair of convicted felons explaining why movie heists always go wrong

NEON

The movie magazine that couldn't give a toss where they keep their Oscars

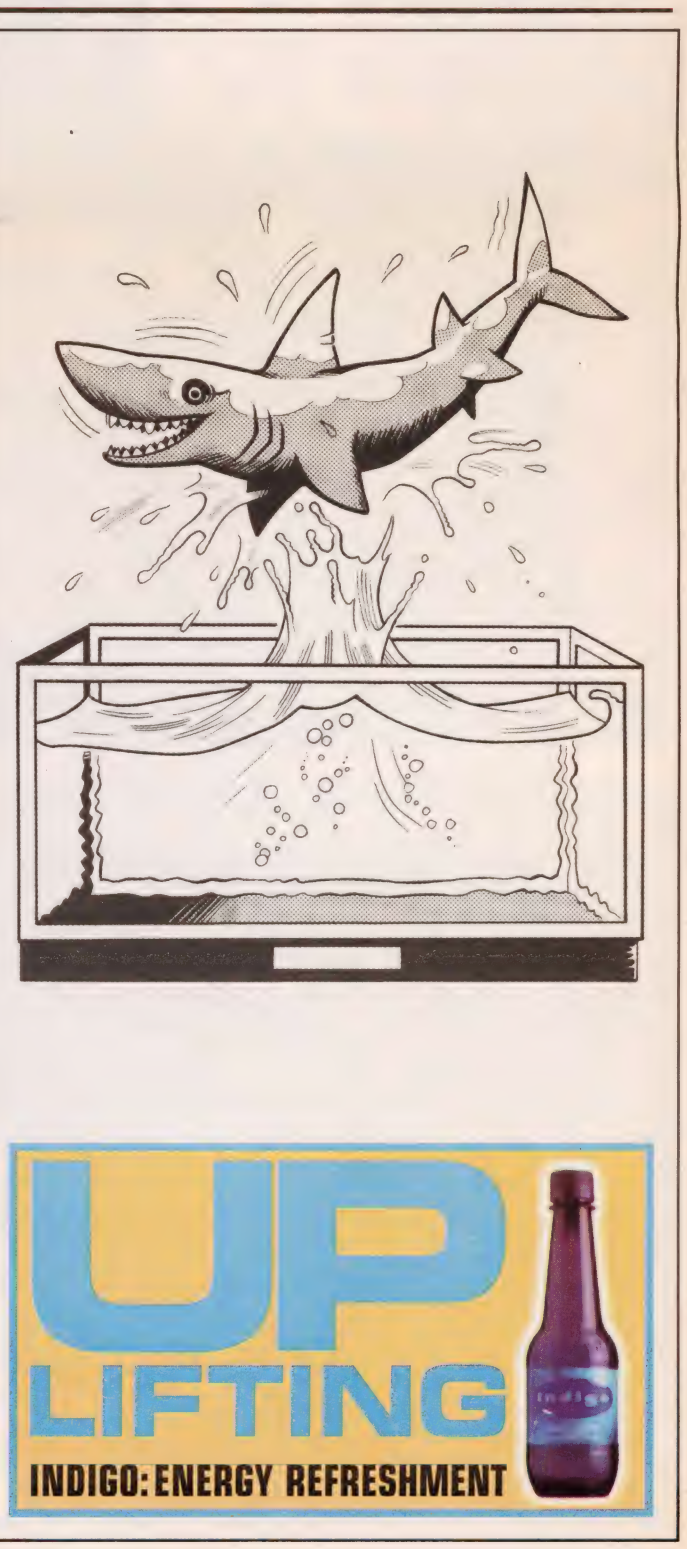
Smiley culture. No, on the road. Didn't you see the sign?

Carrier bag man: It's what everyone's wearing on their feet

Dome sweet dome: the main stage takes shape

Cheers! £2.30, every month

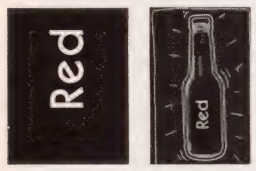
Oi! Nutter! Community care goes al fresco



ROY WILKINSON & IAN HARRISON RECKON

The Truth Is Out There

Select's daily wander around the festival fringes powered by Red...



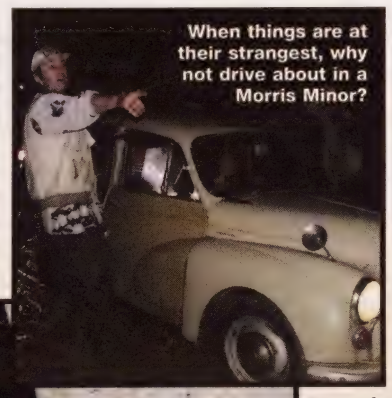
Mooonclouded midnight on Wednesday 26 June and brave early-arriving Glastonbury revellers are stoking up festival vibrations in The Green Field. Quite literally – amid the impressive rockery of The Stone Circle a clutch of didgeridoo players press their sonic tools against the stones for added resonance.

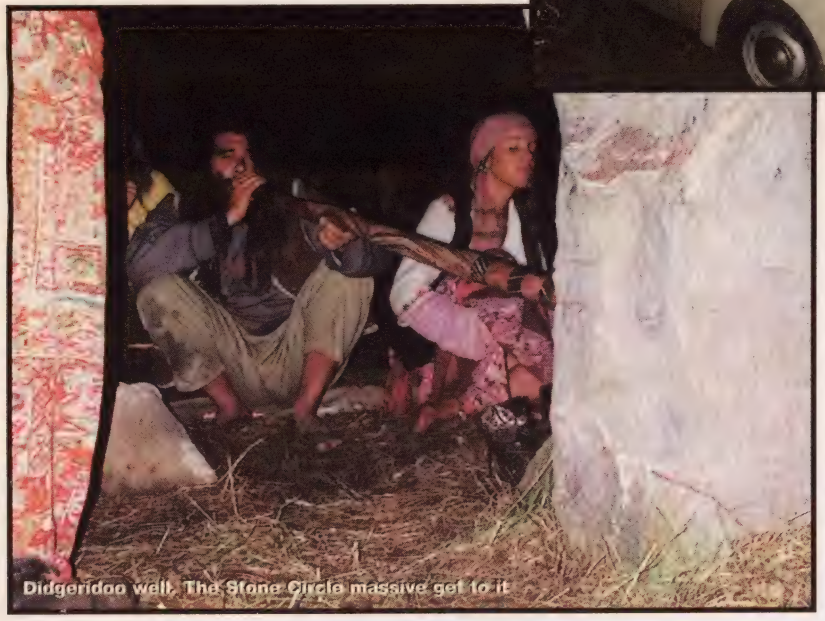
"You see," explains one mohican-topped didge man, "the stones hold all sound. But we only ask them to give up a small amount of their sound... so they really don't mind!"

Inspired by this explanation, a bearded Scottish raver leaps excitedly behind the musicians. His celebrations are punctuated by seemingly random cries of "Yugoslavia! Yugoslavia!"

The rain is falling, the mud is gathering and Oasis' 'Slide Away' seems set to become the theme song of Glastonbury 1997. But in the more far-flung reaches of the site, plucky festival-goers seem dedicated to maintaining the traditional festival virtues of gaily-trousered bonhomie and acting like an unhinged jackanape at a goose fair.

The Wicked Breakfast outlet offers some replenishing round-the-clock fare, while classy White Lightning cider and Stryke 50 lager is available at the Bazaar mini-rave tent for a reasonable 96p a tin. Sample of couple o' these brews and you'll soon be queuing up to bulk-buy toy steamboats in aid of The Blennerhasset Mill Alternative Energy Inspiration Centre.


When things are at their strangest, why not drive about in a Morris Minor?


Didgeridoo well. The Stone Circle massive get to it

The array of stalls and fun spots on the road up to The Green Field is many and splendid. Certainly, a roadful of bright lights and friendly faces seem to have had an inspirational effect on Dave, 26, down from Tyneside. Dancing gregariously outside the Manic Organic fruit outlet, he reveals his plans for what is his first Glastonbury.

"I'm gonna fall in the mud and then get up and then fall in the mud again. It's going to be smart. The Prodigy! Wooh! That's gonna be really, really, reallly grrreetttt!"

Asked about the origins of his distinctive triceratops/jester headgear, he breaks into a bemused grin. "Where did I get me hat? Do you know what, I couldn't tell you!" Dancing spiritedly down the drag, he bids us adieu. "See ya, I'm off to make some new friends."

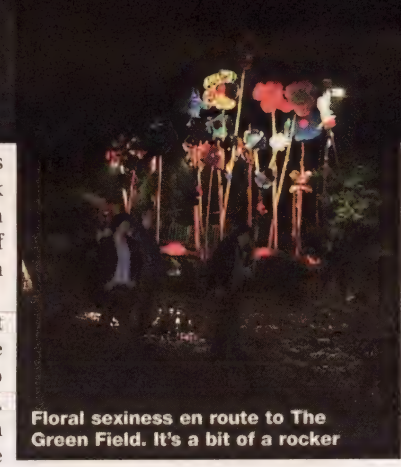
Popping into the Tasty Tea Room, we are greeted by a roomful of folks enjoying quietly bohemian moods and laid-back conversation. Those earlier Pictish yells of "Yugoslavia!" now begin to make some kind of sense as we chat with Natasha from the former Yugoslav republic of Slovenia. Attracted by the eastern European chit-chat we are then joined by a couple of stage hands from Community Music Sarajevo, the Bosnian workers who are manning The Jazz Stage at this year's festival.

Soon coffee is being downed heartily as one and all enjoy the invigorating spirit of pan-Balkan reverie. We are even approached by a brace of Glaswegians in "Nah Prablem Free I" rasta T-shirts, clutching copies of Eldridge Cleaver novels. They explain that they're down for Primal Scream's Saturday night spot in the Dance tent. "Why aye, likesay wee Bobby G's some irie guy... It should be kickin'."

Having experienced such cosmopolitan good vibes, there's little to do but drift back to the festival's central node. Two blokes erecting a "Jungle Appeal" stall can't help but catch our attention. "How do we rate the allure of A Guy Called Gerald?" gamely ponders one Jungle Appeal bod, before fending off more drum 'n' bass queries with a quick digression on the beauty of Ecuadorian rain forest.

Tired but happy we troop back to our bruised, damp-ridden bivouac. The deluge continues, but come hail, monsoon or toad spawn falling from the sky, the _Select_ Outer Limits reportage team will be out there, bringing you instantaneous reports from the far-flung furlongs of Glastonbury 1997. So, remember to book early for tomorrow's value copy of the _Select Glastonbury Daily_ – it will be sure to contain more revealing festival tales. Keep it clean, keep the home fires burning and don't be a squanderbug. And, remember, the sky's on fire, sister.

Raving Dave prepares to "fall in the mud, get up and fall in the mud again." Top attitude, young Dave!


Floral sexiness en route to The Green Field. It's a bit of a rocker

Cigarettes And Alcopops

A CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO GLASTONBURY

That rain, eh? This year's Glasto is sure to go down as the one when tin-foil jumpsuits and trendy plimsolls just were not enough to ensure a joyful time. Waterproof camouflage could be your salvation: here's some local outlets you might not have tried.

CHECKPOINT CHARLIE'S *(Market F)*
Go for that Vietnam vet look at this canny open-fronted boutique. Dave and Christa from Lincolnshire keep Checkpoint Charlie's going 24 hours a day – and with more than 1,000 items of useful camouflage waterproof wear and sundries, including some rare windcheater examples from the militaries of Switzerland and South Africa, this is a wise stop for those sick of tying black binliners to their feet. Stocks are understandably stretched right now, but new supplies arrive today.

THE TRANS-ATLANTIC TRADING CO *(Market G)*
Specialists in the perennially hip US Air Force MA-1 jacket, Trans-Atlantic also do an array of weather-beating paramilitary chic, guaranteed to satisfy the most picky rural junglist.

Vests, hats, fur-collared jackets, trousers cheap enough to dispose of when mud-sodden... Coat guru Darren adds that all their wares come from US military suppliers and are of beefy enough quality to keep out the biting winds and the most freezing drizzle.

While not exactly a bargain bin, the well tasty sleeping bags for £20 and commodious £5 ponchos have proved tempting tackle for today's adaptable festival-goer. Try their £15 full-cover pants and coat combo as soon as the deluge cometh. So, there you go, invest soundly in Swedish Navy gaiters and live to fight again.

IAN HARRISON

Charlie don't surf, but he can help you get through the mud

NOW AVAILABLE NOT HERE

V2 is only available backstage. Sorry.

HOLD ON TO YOUR NECESSARIES IT'S A LISTINGS FRENZY

Placebo: experienced campers

FRIDAY 27 JUNE

THE OTHER STAGE

10.30 Moorehaven
11.15 Family Of Free Love
12.00 Embrace
12.45 Catatonia
1.30 Kenickie
2.20 Audioweb
3.20 My Life Sentence
4.20 Ben Folds Five
5.20 Sneaker Pimps
6.20 The Divine Comedy
7.20 Placebo
8.30 Seahorses
9.45 Ash
11.15 Reef

PYRAMID STAGE

11.00 Phish
12.30 Echo & The Bunnymen
2.00 Terrorvision
3.30 The Levellers
5.00 Beck
6.45 Supergrass
8.30 Smashing Pumpkins
10.45 The Prodigy

DANCE TENT

10.00 Random Access
11.00 Wobble U
11.45 DJ Shimmer
12.45 Monkey Mafia
1.30 Flynn & Flora
2.30 Nicolette
3.30 DJ Rap
4.45 DJ Grant
5.15 Aphex Twin
6.00 Paul Jay
6.45 Eat Static
7.45 Anokha
9.45 Dreadzone
10.45 The Orb

JAZZ WORLD

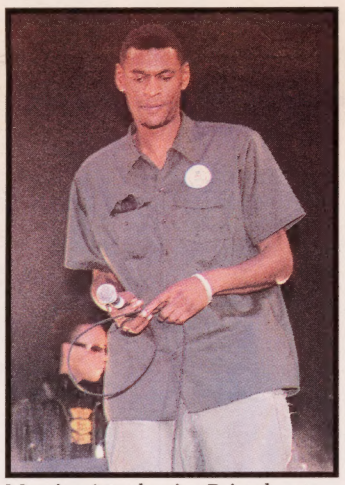
11.15 Alpha
12.30 Up, Bustle And Out
1.40 Finlay Quaye
2.55 Fun'Da'Mental
4.15 Project 23
5.35 Lamb
6.50 Nightmares On Wax
8.10 Red Snapper
9.40 Spearhead
11.05 Massive Attack

ACOUSTIC STAGE

1pm Patsy Matheson
1.50pm John B Spencer
2.50pm Tamalim
4.15pm Sid Griffin & The Coal Porters
5.45pm Chuck Prophet
7pm BR549
8.30pm Sharon Shannon

CABARET MARQUEE

Cabaret compères: Malcolm Hardee, Andy Smart, Paul B Edwards and Dave Johns. Musical fills: Dr Midnight on the harmonica
10.30 Rhythm Wave
11.20 Poets' Hour: MC Jabber, Martin Newell, Ros Palfrey & Murray Torkildsen
12.25 Les Fifis Farfelues
12.35 Jeff Innocent
1.05 Les Fifis Farfelues
1.15 Matthew Hardy
1.50 Ben Baddoo's Workshop Drummers
2.15 Smiley
2.50 Roxy's Toolbox
3.10 George Egg
3.30 Roxy's Toolbox
3.50 Marcus Brigstoke
4.25 Sweet Soul Sisters
5.00 Alan Parker – Urban Warrior
5.35 Rory Motion
6.10 Today's Stand-Up Comedy Competition Winner
6.30 The Fountains Of Strasberk
6.40 Woody Bop Muddy
7.15 Jim Tavaré
7.50 Mark Thomas



Massive Attack: nice Bristols, etc

8.25 The Dustbin Dancers
8.40 John Thomson
9.15 Paka The Incredible
9.30 Steve Gribben
10.05 Bill Bailey
10.40 Kissing The Goldfish
11.00 Lee & Herring Live
11.35 Tina C
12.10 Feeding The Fish
12.25 Weapons Of Sound
1.00 Olé
1.20 Jason Freeman
1.55 Mr Methane

VARIETY TENT

Variety compères: Chris Cresswell and Dave Thompson
10.30 Reincarnation
11.20 Half-Human Video
11.55 The Chipolatas
12.45 Feets Per Minute 'Cult Fiction'
1.05 Allessandro
1.40 Jason Maverick
2.00 Les Fifis Farfelues with Can-Can
2.10 Fish Productions: 'Love Me Tender'
3.00 Les Fifis Farfelues
3.10 Nathaniel: 'Get A Day Job!'
4.15 No Fit State Circus: 'Treasure Island'
5.50 Poets' Hour
6.55 Creature Feature: 'A Recipe For Disaster'
8.15 Kissing The Goldfish
8.50 George Egg
9.25 DNA
11.30 Instant Wit
12.05 Jamie B McG
12.40 Roxy's Toolbox

Fargo: scab-faced shootfest

CINEMA MARQUEE

1.00 Le Bonheur Est Dans Le Pré
3.00 Trojan Eddie
5.00 Antonia's Line
7.30 Matilda
10.00 Secrets And Lies
12.30am Fargo
2.30am Spanking The Monkey

OUTSIDE CINEMA

10.15 Independence Day
12.45 Twin Town
2.30 The Frighteners

TODAY I WILL MOSTLY BE DOING...

NEIL HANNON (DIVINE COMEDY)

"I've never actually been to Glastonbury before. I wonder if I can go to the Tor: it sounds like a fascinating place. Something on top of a hill, that's what I want. And a place that's far away from the site – but that's just my natural hatred of all things tie-dyed. There's so many things to do here, and yet none of them really appeal. Maybe I'm just a miserable sad case. It's like being in Camden and I'm not very keen on that place either.

"I'll be going to see Kenickie. There's something pleasantly ramshackle about them and they've got *so* much balls. My Life Story? I'm not actually going to say what they are, it's better not to talk about the subject. Ben Folds Five, I'll be seeing, but what's really upsetting is that Beck's on at the same time as us. It's excruciating, we have so much in common: we're both 26, short, blond, our surnames are quite similar and... we're both musical geniuses *[laughs]*. But as well as the fact that I can't see him, everyone else will, so there'll be nobody around for us.

"I've always found the time that we're playing, around half five, rather depressing. The end of the afternoon seems like a very pointless time to me. You've done what you were going to do in the afternoon and you're gearing yourself up for the evening's entertainment. But at least there won't be too many people out of their heads. If you were to headline, people won't remember you because they'd simply be too inebriated.

"Before the gig I'll be drinking too much, getting extremely nervous and praying that people will come to watch it. Of course there's the ritual of putting one's suit on... trying to get one's tie to sit properly is always a problem.

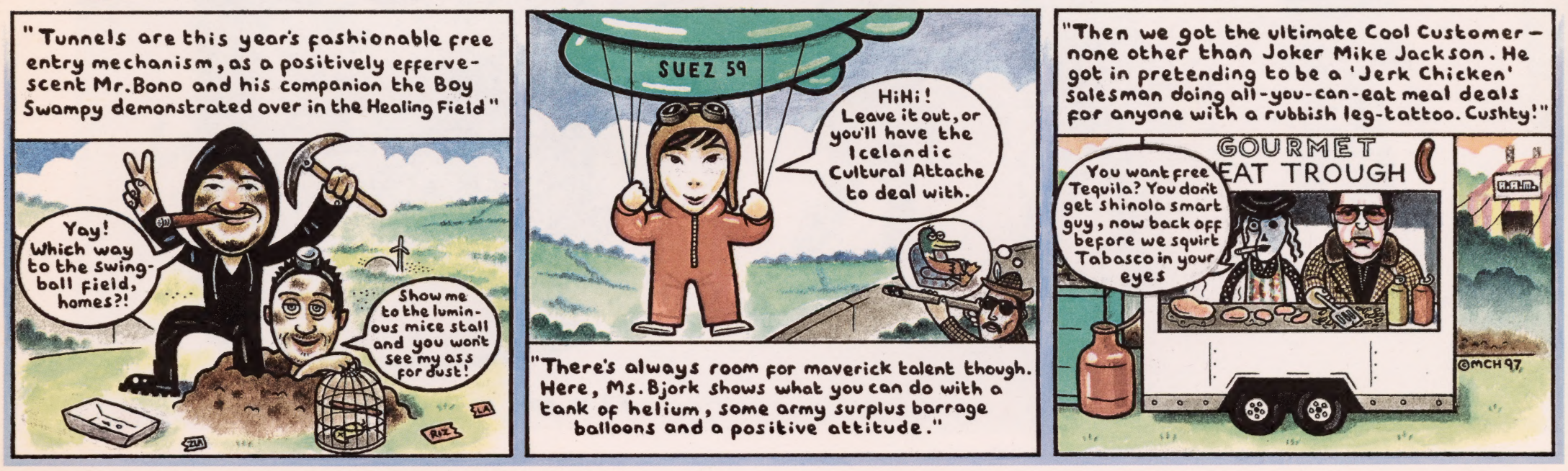
"There'll be strange provincial radio stations after interviews all day which I shall work damned hard to avoid. But I'm afraid I'll have to rush off before the day's out as we're due to play Keble College in Oxford. Yes, I know, but they pay quite well and after playing with the orchestra we need all the cash we can get. Are they going to be playing at Glastonbury? NO! God... erm... *no, we're never* playing with an orchestra again. They bled us dry. Imagine the most expensive thing and then double it. Besides, they wouldn't be seen dead at a festival.

"Reef really don't cut the mustard, but Ash are the greatest band that ever lived and are my chums so I'll definitely be there. I'll have to bribe our tour manager to let me stay, but it has to be done. The warriors of rock need to be served."

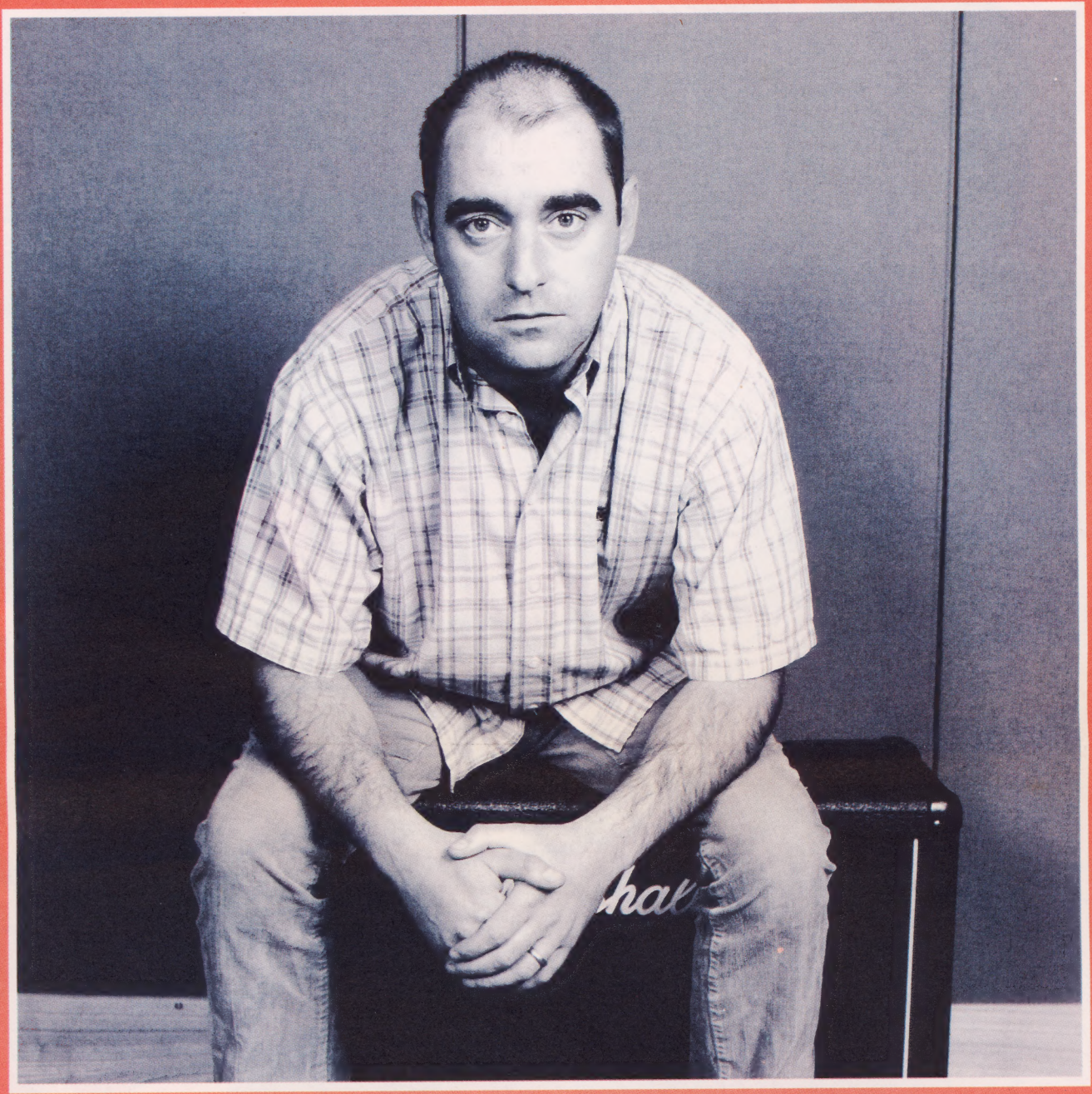
● *The Divine Comedy play The Other Stage at 5.20pm today.*

KEEPING IT REAL AT GLASTONBURY WITH OL' DIRTY BASTARD

Missing ticketing deadlines never puts the real diehard Glasto-head off. That's what Ol' Dirty Bastard from the Wu-Tang Clan found out on his all-knowing trawl of the site's far corners and sinkholes, anyway.


"Tunnels are this year's fashionable free entry mechanism, as a positively effervescent Mr. Bono and his companion the Boy Swampy demonstrated over in the Healing Field"
Yay! Which way to the swing-ball field, homes?!
Show me to the luminous mice stall and you won't see my ass for dust!
SUEZ 59
HiHi! Leave it out, or you'll have the Icelandic Cultural Attache to deal with.
"There's always room for maverick talent though. Here, Ms. Bjork shows what you can do with a tank of helium, some army surplus barrage balloons and a positive attitude."
"Then we got the ultimate Cool Customer – none other than Joker Mike Jackson. He got in pretending to be a 'Jerk Chicken' salesman doing all-you-can-eat meal deals for anyone with a rubbish leg-tattoo. Cushty!"
GOURMET EAT TROUGH
You want free Tequila? You don't get shinola smart guy, now back off before we squirt Tabasco in your eyes
©MCH 97

Friday's child is loving and giving



....find out why Bonehead cries when he hears a good Noel song

THIS MONTH SELECT BRINGS YOU 30 PAGES OF EXCLUSIVE OASIS INTERVIEWS AND PICTURES

PLUS! THE ULTIMATE 16 PAGE GLASTONBURY PULLOUT AND *FREE* AERIAL VIEW POSTER OUT JULY 4

SELECT MAGAZINE

IT CAN BE DONE

Today's recommended daily route – from people who know their Radiohead from their Audioweb...

FRIDAY

10am Get up and join the queue for the bogs/the standpipe/your turn on the bongos. Plenty of time to seek out the vegetarian bacon stall for a spot of eco-brunching.

12pm **Embrace** (Other Stage). Here for the sole reason of providing an epic and grandiose opening for the weekend's expanse of troubadours, Embrace will ease you into the day before the haring around truly begins.

12.30 **Echo & The Bunneymen** (Pyramid). Stay until they play 'The Killing Moon' and current stellar single 'Nothing Lasts Forever' then run straight off to the Dance Tent for...

12.45 ...**Monkey Mafia**. Only time for two or three shapes to be thrown before you'll have to drag yourself out and traverse the site over to the Variety Tent to witness **The Great Allessandro** (1.05) – a nude opera singer. Stop briefly for a swift half of Auld Mufti.

1.30 **Kenickie** (Other). One last look at a bit of glamour before the mid-afternoon deluge of ugly-rock, led by Audioweb and My Life Story...

2.00 ...back to the Variety Tent for **Les Fifis Farfelues** with Can-Can which sounds sufficiently fruity for brief attention. But beware, the strains of Finlay Quaye may just be audible as you go by the Jazz World stage. Simply put fingers in ears and hum 'Place Your Hands' until danger passes.

2.20 Return to the Pyramid Stage for a bit of **Terrorvision** and, if timing is correct, you'll arrive for 'Perseverance' whereupon you'll indulge in a few minutes worth of screaming "*Whales and dolphins. Whales and dolphins. Yeeeeaah!*". Then you can go.

3.00 Time to go shopping. You've got exactly one hour to purchase all the useless rubbish you'll think is the height of festival fashion and practicality only to find that use is limited solely to campside combustibles. Have a quick look at **DJ Rap** in the Dance Tent (3.30) for glamourpuss/drum 'n' bass interface.

4.00 Felt jester hat donned and cochlea pinged, it's down to catch the requisite three minutes of **The Levellers** before you escape to see **Ben Folds Five** (4.20) on the Other Stage.

4.50 Randy Newman plink-plonk nearly over, sprint-shuffle towards the body-popping figure of **Beck** (Pyramid Stage, 5pm) and imbibe the shambling brilliance on display. But only after a quick detour via **Alan Parker – Urban Warrior** (Cabaret Marquee, 5pm).

6.00 Tea time. Barkburgers all round while on the hoof to the Other Stage for the **Divine Comedy**'s attempt at bestowing a little louche sophistication upon us primal canvas-dwellers.

6.40 Barely time to admire Neil Hannon's slap-worthy forehead before tearing across to the Pyramid Stage for **Supergrass**. Stay until they play 'Alright' and, armed with the knowledge that one of the defining moments has been witnessed, get over to...

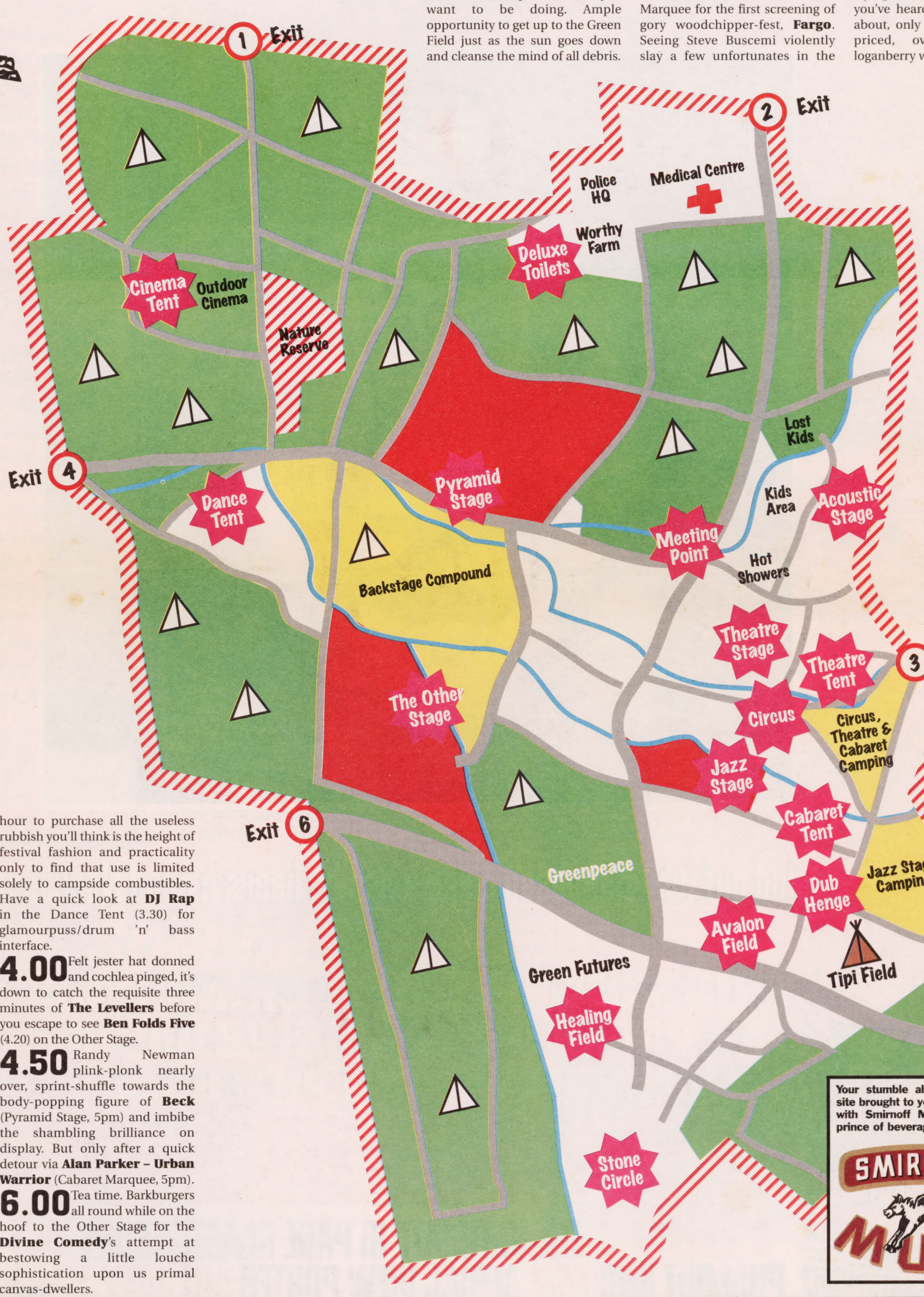
7.20 ...**Placebo** (Other Stage). For non-melting make-up purposes, Brian Molko has to play at dusk. Probably the least Glast-friendly band going but required to offset the rising waves of euphoria gained from the omnipresent hippiness.

8.30 Seahorses? Nah. Smashing Pumpkins? Oooh no. Radiator banging in the Sacred Space is what you want to be doing. Ample opportunity to get up to the Green Field just as the sun goes down and cleanse the mind of all debris.

10.30 With the psyche fully refreshed, now make your way back to the Pyramid Stage for the **Prodigy**. An hour of frenetic screaming and body-twitching later, there's just enough time left to catch the final bout of **Reef** (Other Stage) with their concluding prowlings to include 'Place Your Hands'. Awwwlright now.

12.30am Get your booty over to the Cinema Marquee for the first screening of gory woodchipper-fest, **Fargo**. Seeing Steve Buscemi violently slay a few unfortunates in the snow is pure anti-Glasto and should provoke many attacks of 'The Fear' – which may even be better entertainment than the film itself.

2.00 Onwards. Now seek out all the sound systems that will be just about everywhere you go. Try the Green Field where a tandem-powered rave might be occurring. Alternatively, spend all night trying to find the late bar that you've heard whispered rumours about, only to settle for an over-priced, over-sour bottle of loganberry wine.



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